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The Montana Kaimin, October 28, 1921

Associated Students of the State University

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MONTANA KAIMIN

VOL. XXI

STATE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1921.

No. 9.

Flashy Females Flourish Forms in Foam

INNOCENT INDIVIDUALS ARE VICTIMS OF SMITH'S FIENDS

CO-EDS WASH THE RINGS FROM THEIR FEET IN CRYSTAL POOL

Necessary to Guard Doors to Hold in Small Crowd—Gillfish Porter Scores Minnesota Shift.

D. L. Smith's melody fiends tormented a few innocent individuals behind closed doors, last night. The remainder of the hall was filled with vacant chairs. A guard was placed at each door to prevent the exit of any who had strayed in. It is reported that the local jazz hounds were nearly as good as the down-town product.

Gillfish Porter started the propagation. He entered with a stiff stride which loosened as he gazed at the balcony where sat the fair Wynema. In the confusion which followed he forgot himself and executed the Minnesota Shift. He regained consciousness enough to sing "In the Land of the Sky Blue Watah." This was followed by a selection which he is reported to have tried out in Stevensville on the last Glee Club trip, namely, "Requiem."

The next sacrilegious scambler of symphonic soundings was Kathleen Gibson. She might have been able to play; we can't tell, for Miss Berry had absent-mindedly left her gum stuck on the keys and they wouldn't navigate. The outstanding number of her group of grotesque garbles was the "Butterfly." The poor insecta started his career in a tumult as if he were chased by a goose. In his mad flight he hit a lamp and the shock killed him, poor beast.

Gooley Gurgling.

Grace Wandernigh was the next heartless tormentor. Her assignment was in the form of a query, "Joy of my heart, who is Silvia?" The first half was the addressing of a fair female by a gurgling guzzler. When he had finished calling her names he asked who that fair dame Silvia was. The reporter gathered that when he found out he forsook the joy of his heart and chased after a new light.

Then Hilda Chapman marched to the front. Her first outrage was "2 Mainaise Brilliantine." This she executed with the proper shimmy. She followed this with "Orientale." This was a jazz piece well executed, but it is thought that the composer

stole the theme from "Dardenella."

Cora Quast continued the discord with a portraying of her agonies "Down in th Forest." She discovered that she couldn't break the windows by herself so she called in the violinist to help in a watery wail "Moo-hoon Di-hear."

Eagle Bumps Bean.

"Four Little poems for the Piano-forte," murdered by Helen Wood, followed. "The Eagle" got well started but bumped his head on the forte and collapsed. "The Brook" ran merrily through its course and was succeeded by "Moonlight." In the playing of this Miss Wood went to sleep, but the audience, thinking it was over, applauded and awoke her. She then played "Winter" but it got so cold that one of the strings on the piano broke and she was forced to cease in her persecutions. Mrs. Homer Parsons tried her best. But the poor prisoners had passed the point of feeling and did not remonstrate. So she stopped.

Herbert Ince started out to play an easy classic selection, but had to bow to mob taste and change it to a rollicking jazz tune, which put the crowd of Elite patrons at ease and sent them home in good humor.

NASTY MEETING FEATURES FEW

S. O. S. was held by Clyde Murphy, Edwin Blenkner, Homer Parsons, Doctor Schreiber and a few other students Thursday evening. After singing "College Chums" the crowd dispersed.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Expected tomorrow: tornados and storms.

BULLETIN.

As the Kaimin goes to press, a flash comes that Ray Nagle, student employment agent, has found a job for a student... No particulars were given.

SARG'S INSPIRATION.

Sergeant Truman, gangleader of the Rot corps, is working on an invention which he calls the "String Range Finder." A piece of, string five miles long, one end of which is imbedded in the bullet, the other end tied to the barrel of the popgun, is the main and only ingredient of the invention. Hikers are warned to be careful when climbing Mount Missoula.

FIDDLE COACH IS OPTIMISTIC OVER JAZZ PROSPECTS

"Yah," blustered A. Herman Weisberg, head mentor of the fiddle affiliated with the school of music, "we are sure going to have a swell orchestra this year. About sixty students and three musicians have signed up and in less than a month you will hear the best music that has ever issued from this department."

According to Mr. Weisberg, he has had a number of students working upon the remodeling of last year's music. The parts were handed in in a dog-eared condition and the corners have been straightened out, with electric irons. The notes are being reinked and the sharps flattened out.

"I have had a dozen orchestra members working upon the cleaning of the musical instruments," jabbered on Mr. Weisberg. "The egg stains collected at our public appearance last year, are exceedingly hard to remove, and it will be some time until we get the instruments out from under the yolk."

When asked if he had any statement to make for the Kaimin, Mr. Weisberg wiped his chin and said:

"Yes. I wish you would let all the students know that I am in the market for cats. You see, the University hasn't money enough to buy our violin strings, and our only hope is making them ourselves. If you will see that we have enough felines to outfit our orchestra, I will be much obliged to you. We have to re-string our bass viol, too, and this string must also be a home product. Accordingly, I am sending Bill Wilson and Omar White out hunting to get a wildcat."

"Of course, the cat must have a bass voice to tune up with the rest of us. A mountain lion is about our speed. However, we will see what luck the boys will have."

The Kellerman class in aquatics started last week with a flash of feminine forms cutting the spray in the Crystal pool. Composed for those who wished not to display their errant lines of anatomy when released in the garments of the gymnasium, more than a score of co-eds signed up to ramble and ramp, skid and scamper, in the indoor pool.

Elmer, our women's sport correspondent, went to view the progress of the mermaids late last night and sent in the following report and photo just as the paper went to press:

Dere Boss: Sorry my copy is late, but if you had seen what I seen, old Gabriel'd a'blow'd his horn and you'd still be A.W.O.L.

Take it from me, Boss, our females has Annie Kellerman's beach-combers looking like fat ladies from Ringling's, taking their annual.

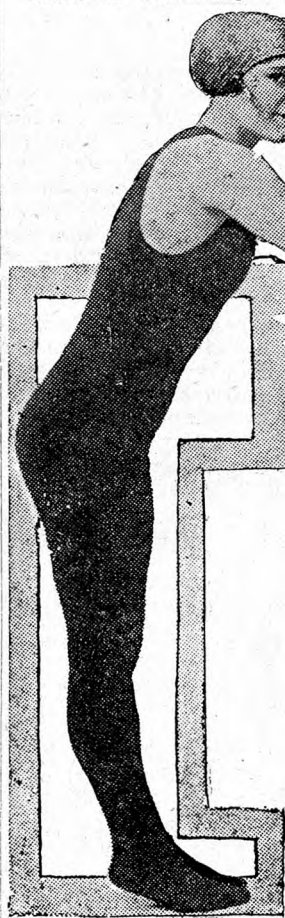
I parks in the gallery, as you sez to, at 4:30 pronto, and judging by the air up here I thinks I'm

in a Turkish bath by mistake. My collar wilts whilst I sits and waits for the mermaids' debut.

As I sits here a'sweatin a door opens and dainty Lillian C., acting as queen porpoise, bursts into the arena on a dead lope. Next, her subjects, in tight suits, bright suits and some in almost no-suits, trundles in.

Lil turns to the shiverin mob and she sez, "First I'll desecrate a jack-nife, which it took Kellerman and I so long to perfect," after which she trots up the springin plank with the grace of a Titan tractor on stilts and takes to the water like a barn heavin itself into the Johnstown flood. She comes up blowen harder'n Annie Laurie on a bag-pipe, and as she tows herself out, Virginia M. and Irene Mc. advances to the plank after a fashun which sets me thinkin of this song, "I didn't want to do it."

Gin, in a suit which conceals about as much as Eve's did after she had et



Swimming Prof. sent to sanitorium; here's the reason.

the apple, navigates to the end of the board on all fours, looses her grip and completes her first lesson. Gin acts more like a anchor than a fish, but the reedin back-wash finds her setten on the bottom at the 3 ft. level.

Irene Mc., after due hesitation, slips on a wet spot and bruises her

(Continued on Page Three.)

Grizzlies Will Grapple Whitman Wampuses

There is going to be something doing about tomorrow afternoon when Captain Sullivan's kids collide with the much-touted Wampus cats from Walla Walla.

The Washington youngsters are an obese crew, displaying 183 pounds of beef on their foremost line of defense. They are a bit struttant concerning their victory over the College of Idaho last Saturday, and it is going to be a tough job for Sullivan's gang to bring them down to earth again.

Coach Vincent Borleske has been extremely fortunate this year to get together the team that he has. Each summer, it is said he muck-rakes the

state of Washington armed with a bunch of scholarships and sinecure jobs, to get his material for the next football team. On top of this he is allowed to fill up his baker's dozen with freshmen.

Sullivan hasn't said anything yet concerning the outcome of the game, but it is rumored that he is getting out the shillalah used by his ancestors, and putting a few more niches in it.

Coach Bierman, as usual, was clapping his hands last night as the Montana men went through signal practice, but he hasn't said anything. (Continued on Page Six.)

Murphy Spouts His Usual Guff at Con.

As usual, Clyde Murphy, president of the A. S. U. M., horned in on student affairs and made his usual half-baked statements at the convocation last Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock.

Mr. Murphy's talk was void of its customary length and breeziness. However, the element of soft soap was there. As Mr. Murphy said nothing, we give his speech vacuum instead of space. After blowing a few bubbles, Mr. Murphy sat down.

As a preliminary to the central outrage of the would-be Demosthenes, Miss Ethelynde Smith, psychicsoprano of Portland, Maine, demonstrated the elasticity of her vocal

cords so successfully that it made one think that all the angels in Heaven were pouring molasses down one's spine.

NOTICE.

The university film service needs a film repairer or ist. Anyone having experience in destroying films or other state property and desiring part time employment report to Carrie or Bill in Main hall.

The Montana Kaimin

SIGMA DELTA CHI EDITION

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AL SCHAK.....Art Editor
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GEORGE MASTERS.....Foreign Correspondent (Craig Hall)
This edition modeled after the Denver Post. Copies will be sent
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OCTOBER 28, 1921.

CONGRATULATE US.

We pledges of Sigma Delta Chi feel as though we should take a bit of space in this noteworthy sheet in behalf of ourselves.

We realize that in becoming pledges to such a worthy brotherhood, we have had a great distinction conferred upon us. As representatives of the English faculty have told us, it is a proof of our literary perfection.

That Sigma Delta Chi should thus recognize us, is to be cherished more than if we had had the Rhodes scholarship thrust upon us.

We are to be congratulated.

SPIRIT.

The students of the University of Montana are to be congratulated upon their unusual amount of school spirit. You tell'em. Why, almost 200 out of 1,200 students bade the Grizzlies God-speed when they left for Washington. Nearly that same number greeted our warriors when they returned. Take for instance the student convocation last week, about 30 per cent of the student body was present. At the special A. S. U. M. convocation Wednesday afternoon approximately 5 per cent of the enrollment was there. Where was the other 70 per cent and 95 per cent? At home, of course, waiting for the cabbage to cook.

With such loyal spirit as the students have shown this quarter, the University of Montana will soon be on that long sought for par with the Aggie cow shooi. Buck up! Get in the heart of affairs. Let the Grizzlies, let the other schools know that we are still alive, Buck up!

Bruneau Duck Ditty Praised

Miss Vivian Bruneau, one of the most charming co-eds on Montana campus, has recently come into distinction thru her literary talents.

Miss Bruneau is enrolled in the class of creative writing fostered by the English department, and has produced a nature poem that has created a sensation in literary circles. The poem deals with a single subject, yet the element of love is entangled in it.

For the benefit of its readers the Kaimin has paid the royalty upon the work and prints it in this column. The poem is entitled "The Love Duck."

THE LOVE DUCK.

As I watch thee, little gooselet, wing
thy way,
Thru the wet sky so silv'ry lined
And hear the plaintive twitter of
thy diaphragm,
Thy tender neck in front, thy tail
behind;

My heart is cheerful, water-bird, my
soul is glad
To see thee fleeing this way
from the hunt;
I love the whirring of your feet
and wings,
Thy tender tail behind, thy neck
be-front.

And wish my love would come, may
he be blest;
Oh, that I could stroke his beard,
and squeeze him to my chest.

"This Karnak Klub," said Organ-
izer Swords, "puts me in mind of a
garbage man."

"How's that?" asked his friend.
"They take what's left."

NEW PALACE OF SWEAT STARTED

Tom Sweringen and J. B. Speer got together the other morning and decided to help the labor situation in Missoula. They pulled a few wires and the following morning a truck-load of equipment was unloaded at the foot of Mount Sentinel. The new gymnasium was under construction.

Four teams of horses and as many men have been busy all week digging the hole in which the building will be set. The water-boy states that if all goes well, the students will be able to ascertain the location of the new building by next Thursday.

No more (next year) shall the barefoot boy chase up and down the dirty stairway in search of a missing shower bath. No more shall the foamy co-ed shiver in the wintry blast that creeps through the cracks. No more shall the sweaty athlete back up against the hot-water pipe and howl like the dog that heard De Souze Smythe's glee club sing for the first time. No more shall the Turkish towel-clad youth skin his knees in scrambling away from the inadvertent maiden who unintentionally (?) opens the wrong door. The Kaimin reporter was told confidentially that the new building will not be ready until next fall.

RED SUFFERING FROM COLD FEET

Red Robinson is suffering from a severe attack of cold feet. The malady made its appearance last week when the fiery headed man-catcher resigned from the editorship of the Sentinel.

It is rumored that the cause of the attack was fear. She has discovered that President Murphy, who also has red hair, is not subject to her charms. She fears that working under his supervision would lead to a broken heart.

ALEXANDER DEAN



Who will appear in one of his own productions soon. He was snapped in action at a recent rehearsal.

FOUNTAIN PLAYS AT SOCIETY HOP

All Oil cans and Hayracks at
Home in Bed as Gym
Totters to Toddly Tunes.

The informal ball held in the gymnasium last Saturday evening, under the auspices of Sigma Delta Chi, men's honorary journalism fraternity, was the most successful social gathering ever staged during the existence of the University, according to the law students who were present.

The gymnasium was attractively decorated with slender ropen cords, hung from the ceiling, and at each end of the floor was a beautiful hanging basket. Intermingled with the soft electric lamps were delicate bunches of trapezia and apparatus. In one corner, just a bit remote from the other corners, a bubbling fountain played. In the opposite corner a bubbling trombone played.

According to members of the fraternity the most successful feature of the affair was the shekels that rolled in,—\$7 in all.

Cadets Pepper Mount Missoula

The R. O. T. C. are having shooting practices in the vicinity of Fort Missoula. The universe seems to be the target and the mountains in the rear of the fort the bull's eye. Officers at the fort have estimated that, if the shooting continues throughout the year, the lead which cadets are throwing into the unprotected hillside will give it a mineral valuation of 50 per cent lead to the ton.

Captains Frances Cooney and Omar White are chief overseers of these lead planting expeditions and naturally hog all honors. The meet last week started with Cooney lying prone 200 yards from a six foot square of carboard which projected from the target pits. Four hundred yards in the rear of the pits rises lofty Mount Missoula.

"Watch closely as I rip the center from the target," he admonished the embryo marksmen in his rear. He levels, grunts and fires. A dust cloud forms at a point near the top of the mountain, some 400 yards from the target and floats away on the breeze.

"Almost made it," chirped a frosh, "try fudging a little or grunt a little harder and it might reach the top." Cooney talked some to himself and again assaults the western empire. The maneuver is repeated in like manner ten times and Cooney scored a perfect miss.

After him the Reserve army formed a skirmish line and drew beads on the target. For 30 minutes the attack continued and about \$40 worth of lead intended for the Germans had been destroyed—but the target was saved. Cooney walked down and salvaged it for another battle and joined the romping freshmen on the mountainside as they tramped about and argued among themselves as to which bare spot on the hill their marksmanship had caused.

Iota Nu fraternity announces the pledging of J. Rodger Fleming of Red Lodge.

MONTANA SPIRIT.

The co-eds show it.
Yea, very much they show it.
It is the spirit of freedom.
They have refused to follow
The long-skirted lead of Paris
And the East.
They demand to be allowed
To show their thin?clad members
In luscious gobs.
And to dazzle helpless males.
Perhaps, it is because
Their last year's clothes
Are not worn out as yet.
THANK GOD.

CANLAC KNOWN AS ATHLETES' FRIEND

"I am generally a man of few words, but I feel that I must write you and tell you what your marvelous Canlac has done for me. I used to attend the University of Minnesota, where I was quite prominent in football circles.

Usually when returning from work I was conscious of pains in my back, and my face hurt me when I shaved. It wasn't long before I became frantic, and one day while glancing thru the Police Gazette, saw your advertisement. I immediately sent in my order for three bottles and after taking them, never felt better in my life.

Due to the increased vigor that your medicine gave me I was placed on the All-American football eleven. I am now singing the praise of your product far and wide, and am prescribing it to my football understudies.

Graciously yours,
BERNARD W. BIERMAN.
Smead-Simons Building.

ANOTHER SATISFIED USER.

I wonder if you will receive a sincere testimonial from me? I feel as tho I ought to write you and tell you how grateful I am to your medicine.

At the present time I am instructor of physical education at a prominent western university. This I owe to Canlac and Canlac alone.

When I was eighteen I was a puny little chap, and could not find my way thru the big fellows. I also liked outdoor sports, but couldn't participate because of my microscopic size. After talking to a cashier in a restaurant, I decided to try some of your medicine.

Since then I have tried no other. My proportion increased so much that it is all I can do to slide under a Buick steering wheel. My base-

ball team took the championship of the Northwest for two successive seasons, and my tailor always runs when he sees me coming. You can publish this letter if you want to.
Graciously yours,
(DR.) W. E. SCHREIBER.

HERE'S ANOTHER.

Allow me to take enough of your time to put in a word of praise for Canlac.

I used to be subject to severe cases of heart-burn and violent pains in the liver. Sometimes things would be black before me, and I would stagger home too weak to crank the Victrola.

Finally, a friendly druggist with whom I had had previous dealings, recommended Canlac.

Now I am a perfect Adonis in build, and have let my subscription to the Physical Culture Magazine run out.

Graciously yours,
TOM MacGOWAN.

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BILLIARDS AND POOL

**Flashy Females
Flourish Forms**

(Continued from Page One.)

reputation, which she bounces off of and takes to the brink with her mouth set like the intake of a irrigation ditch.

It is Irene vs. water, and the water don't win. Irene swallows fast until Gin, from where she sets,

imagines herself on the beach. It looks as tho the frolic would close on acc't of water shortage and a S.O.S. is sent out.

Emulates Depth Bomb.

Helen G. and Anne W., who fits their suits like 3 ton of hay in a 1 ton rack, makes the good Samaritan look like a piker by droppin into the tank and the day is saved.

Boss, depth bombs ain't got nothin on them girls when it comes to makin the tide do the Little Eva stunt. After the water settles back from the ceiling and the buildin sets level again, no one needs a soundin lead to tell that the pond is normal once more. No casualties result, but it looks like Helen and Anne has to sit tight or Irene must disgorge herself, which she is doin her best to put over.

Well, Boss, by this time the enthusiasm of the minnies acts like a thermometer suddenly hurled at the North Pole, and the rest of the dames become content with washin the rings off their ankles and promenadin like a bevy of Mack Sennet's babies, which maybe ain't due to the fact that their people were poor and they had to carry heavy loads when young and the result givin them slightly bowed members.

The whistle blown then, Boss. Helen and Anne forgets their good intentions and all scramble for the dressin room, while the manager in a rush turns the water out of the pool afore some cash customer would see it.

See yu tuesday in the gallery.
ELMER.

P. S.: All 1 linen collar to my expense sheet, Boss.



A local sculptor's impressions of
W. S. G. A.

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**MISSOULA MERCANTILE
COMPANY****The Sinful
Frat Girls
Play Horse**

Two weeks.

That's the only kind of a sentence
without a predicate.

And that's jst the kind of a sen-
tence the Pan-Hellenic council served
on the members of Kappa Gamma in
order that they might teach them that
it is not nice to use unfair methods to
entice innocent freshmen girls to
pledge allegiance to their dizzy circle.

Yes, they are a bunch of dirty
rushers.

But rumor is rife that there are
others, as the following incident which
happened at the Hill residence on
pledge day might indicate.

A couple of freshmen girls were
rooming there. It was after all com-
munication between sorority women
and rushers was supposed to be nil.
The two innocent ones were talking
it over and wondering which way
they "should go" when the final
hour should come. A knock was
heard at the door and in walked a
member of one of those social soci-
eties whose ideals of life are supposed
to be based on honesty, honor, and
fidelity to their plighted word. Since
we do not wish to mention any names
we will call her Kappa A. Theta, for
that is approximately who she was.
Approaching one of the rushees she
confided, "I guess I'm not supposed
to talk to you this afternoon but,
Virginia, I do hope you will not do
anything rash tonight; tell me you
will not join that D. G. bunch—
pardon me if I reverse it and call
them a G. D. bunch—but anyhow,
they are a dirty lot of shimmy
shakers. They all pluck their eye-
brows, and use rouge and paint.
Some of them smoke Camels, and
others roll their—oh; here comes one
of then now.

"Oh, mercy.

"She's coming up the stairs.

"Oh, dear!"

"She'll catch me here and then
we'll get pulled up for dirty rushing
like the Kappas did and—

Without further hesitation she ran
out and met the other girl—we'll call
her Delta Gamma for that is ap-
proximately who she was. She, too,
was coming up to do some dirty rush-
ing.

They met in the hall and a battle
of words ensued.

"Have you been in Marion's room
—you dirty crook.

"No, I haven't been in Marion's
room—and your another.

"You're a liar.

"You're a liar.

"And Virginia, has she been talking
to you?"

The near-pledge looked first at
one of the dirty rushers and then
at the other and answered, "No."

The Kaimin, however, has it on
good authority that Virginia lied.

Anyhow the representatives of the
rival organizations retreated to their
respective houses in great anger and
disgust.

Miss Ruth Kleinoeder, '20, and
Mrs. George Taylor, ex-'23, motored
down from Hamilton Saturday to vis-
it friends in Missoula. They were
guests at the Delta Sigma Chi house.

The members of the Delta Gamma
sorority entertained at open house for
their alumnae on Sunday afternoon
from three to five o'clock.

Miss Erie MacLaren, one of the
two beautiful women on the campus,

is to be married soon to a young
lawyer in the east. But keep that
under your hat; it is not to be told.

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thing!

The Tam may be made
in all sizes for little girls
as well as grownups!

It is just one of the
many splendid designs
and new Christmas ideas
pictured in the gift num-
ber of the

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—best reading, 10c

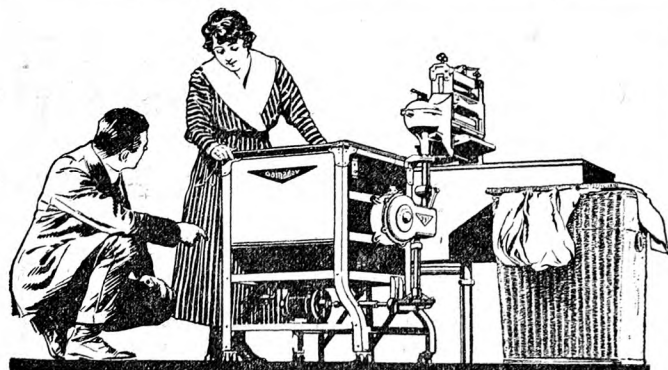
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Company**

DIANA HUNTING FOR CLAMS; INTIMATE POSES OF VENUS WILL BE EXHIBITED HERE

Leo Hudson went to Butte last
week. His home is not yet in Butte.
He reports that she is coming to
school next quarter.

DIE STAMPING

of Monograms, Crests,
etc., on stationery and
programs at a subsan-
tial saving of time and
cost.

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232 Higgins Ave.

ORVIS MUSIC HOUSE

All the latest
sheet music

30c

*You Like a Cup
of
Good Coffee*

Grill Has It

AND EVERYTHING

Follow the Crowd Every Day
The GRILL Cafe

Perfesser F. D. Schwallerem, in
charge of the Woodbee Artists' at-
tis, announces that there will be an
art exhibit in Missoula November
11-18, to be staged in the Parish
house.

The exhibit will be composed
largely of facsimiles of several of
the works of 'Goozlum Burglarum,
the notorious sculptor, whose out-
rages in Rock of Ages marble are
appreciated in only highbrow art
circles, such as the Arthur League
and the Jelly Pie Jelly saturnity.
Most noticeable among these racy
products of an evil mind are "Venus
Vamping the Man in the Moon," and
"Diana Hunting for Clams." Be-
neath the title on the former pic-
ture is the note, "Venus is the
object meant to represent an amor-
ous feline." The Diana splash is a
masterpiece of futurist architecture.

Smears a Masterpiece.

The perfesser was too self-erasing
to mention his own brilliant—(mean-
ing glaring, etc.)—masterpiece, "She
Fleas from the Garden of Eden,"
which is to be placed in the darkest
corner of the exhibit room. The
following interesting press agent
story is told of this sensational
mass of paint: The perfesser spent
last summer near a lakeside resort
north of here, and devoted consid-
erable time to painting a picture of
a lovable view of the resort. But
one night the mosquitos swarmed
from their hives and in the darkness
mistook the painting for Tanglefoot.
Next A. M. Mr. Schwallerem was
stricken with apoplexy. Then he
was struck with an idea. This came
into being in the form of the title.
The surroundings in which he fre-
quently found himself gave rise to
the illusion as to the domicile of
the mosquitos, which he naturally
thought were fleas, but a matter of
much speculation is his means of
determining the gender of the in-
sects which are the subjects of the
title.

Also among the rank and rare col-
lection of daubings by local paint
slingers is "Hop Toads Playing Leap
Frog," by Hell N. Fake, and a spatter-
ing of ink dots entitled "Mother
Cootie With Her Young," the crum-
my work of Bilious Hughes.

If you are not too stingy to buy
your sweetie a ticket, and drag her
along, you can possibly have a good
time.

BASHFUL YOUNG PROF. TAKEN FOR YEARLING

A short plump individual with a
round, red face walked into the
library and asked to be admitted to
the stacks. The librarian heaved
sighs like the wind coming out of
Helgate, her eyes like the fake gas
lamps on the campus. The young
man was so handsome and he blushed
so prettily.

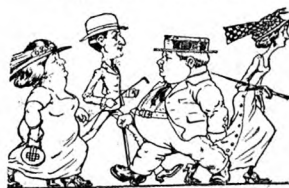
But there was a struggle. Should
it be Duty or Desire? She wavered a
moment. Then her eyes dropped.

"It is not customary to admit
Freshmen to the stacks—but you may
go," she quavered in a bashful voice.

Mr. Applegate, assistant professor
of journalism, entered the stacks.

Pat Keeley and Francis Cooney
attempted to bribe the editors into
featuring them in today's Kaimin
saying a big scandle had just broken
in which they were involved. But
we could not be bothered.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



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In our new fall lines we are showing some real
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ALWAYS NEWEST IN STYLES
ALWAYS LOWEST IN PRICE.

The Bootery

Next to Empress Theater.

Doc Schreiber pressed his suit
last month.

Contracts have been let for the
construction of C. Franklin Parker's
dress suit. The suit is for Glee
Club purposes.

The soiled condition of Professor
Jacobson's sleeve is due to the fact
that he erases the board with that
part of his wardrobe. We learned
from good authority that he carries
a handkerchief.

Attention, Co-Eds!

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Misses' Ready-to-Wear Store. We handle nothing
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Higgins Ave.
Just North of
Pine St.

DUMB DOLEFUL DIZZY DOGS DANCE

Beware! The Seniors are planning to sacrifice the souls of serious students at a scandalous struggle, October 28.

The impudent fourth year men have demonstrated their possession of such a vast cavity of ignorance that all students are warned to keep away from Union Hall Friday. We extend the warning even to those who are habituants of the place. The class is degrading the treasured confines of a much loved hall.

The foolish frivolitors, in a fantastic feature which they called an advertisement, announced that all the school was welcome to the first big dance of the year. The dizzy dogs! The casing of limey crusts about their craniums is so thick that they know not what they say. Their infantile perceptions were not able to grasp the grandeur of a real dance last Saturday. How then can they stage a dance this week?

The irony of their ignorance illuminates our intellects. They further stated that ADMITTANCE was one bean. We descend to the depths of their level and ask, "How much is the Admission?"

Pity them, oh students, for they know not what they do. But let not your crystalline clarity be clouded by their crudisms.

Fraternity Impressions

MEN'S.

Sigma Chi—Do their serenading with opera glasses. Members admitted on application. Noted for hurling boomerang mud during rushing.

Alpha Delta Alpha—Not good looking, but great on books. Art Redding used to buy fermented grape from the Greek on railroad avenue, but the brothers don't know it.

Phi Delta Theta—Have few less members than Simpkins hall. Great help to Delta Gamma during baseball series.

Sigma Nu—Gather at the Elite en masse. Too lazy for campus activities.

Sigma Phi Epsilon—Haven for drunks. Another word for "jail." Serve hooch at their dances and then serenade with wash tubs.

Iota Nu—Build a new house every year. Quite a few Spanish athletes. Get away as good as the railroaders at the Elite.

WOMEN'S.

Kappa Kappa Gamma—Underhanded rushers. Rolled socks. Quite a few fat ones. Take swimming to avoid gym and conceal their misappropriations. Boneheads for scholarship, but make up for it in conceit.

Kappa Alpha Theta—One of them is a nice girl. Try to give the kick that Kappa does but don't wear short enough skirts.

Delta Gamma—Do a suspicious amount of hiking. Sometimes cook for the Phi Deltas. All either engaged or wishing hard. Can be nice to any man who still has a fraternity pin.

Alpha Phi—Take pledges by the army to keep other fraternities out. Wizards for book larnin'—but Lord, what they don't know!

Delta Sigma Chi—Would take an army of pledges, but can't get them to accept. Are coming up, however—two of them had dates already this year and the first quarter isn't over yet.

PROFESSIONAL.

(Only a few of these are worthy of mention.)

Theta Alpha Phi—Men's and women's dramatic. Reported to be looking for a house—hot dog—ain't we got fun.

Sigma Delta Chi—Combination of honor students and good fellows. Well thought of by the campus. Considered by all to be easily the best professional fraternity in the

university. Take only men that other fraternities are trying hard to get.

DIRTY DIVE SELLS OODLES OF POISON

"Drink not of that which spark-eth and is red."

Very well, old man, but that doesn't include the line that the campus store is peddling from a big, enticing barrel perched behind the soda fountain.

"We announce to the students of Montana," said Mac Gault, manager of the store, "that we have the cheapest means of reaching the desired goal, in Missoula." The guzzler continued: "We have made special arrangements for the women. They may take a jug of the junk home if they promise to bring back the jug."

A messenger boy has been employed at the store to meet the demands of the co-ed patrons.

ENTERTAIN COWS AT BIG BARNYARD ROW

The miscalled better half of our campus has turned Aggie. This fact developed at the last meeting of W. S. G. A. A crew of dizzy cow tamers was put in charge of a cow-ed shindig which will be perpetrated Friday November 5.

Lemion Christiansen announces, "The affair will be as much like a barn yard row as possible. We don't want the new girls to feel out of place." She continues, "We had a hard time getting Doc Schreiber to consent but we're going to have a large herd of cows in the gym so that every body will feel at home."

No males will be admitted. The lamer sex is fearful of being seen in its natural environment.

To Entertain Frosh.

In an attempt to kid the freshmen into believing they are a good bunch of sports, the sophomores will give a dance at the Union hall, Friday,

November 4, in their honor.

Freshmen will be admitted free, they say, and in all probability will be allowed to leave at any time under the same conditions.

With the idea of saving money an attempt was made by the management to secure the poorest orchestra in Missoula to furnish the music.

AFTER THE CLASS.



Our photographer found difficulty in reaching the sanctum of the swimmers.

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The Whitman Game and Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

YOU buy clothes to wear; but you can't see "wear" when you buy. The style may look attractive; the price tempting; but neither means anything unless the wear is there.

You know it's there in our clothes.
We guarantee satisfaction
or money back.

Donofree
THE ECONOMY CENTER

COFFEE BOILS OVER AT CON.

Discussion of the publication of the university year-book was resumed last Wednesday afternoon at a special student convocation called by A. S. U. M. president Clyde Murphy.

After inviting the members to silence Murphy explained that he and President Clapp had put their heads together and after much tearful pleading, on the part of Dr. Clapp, he had consented to recall, or have the students recall the proposed amendment regarding the Sentinel publication.

He went on to let the students know that he would take charge of the funds of the students and run the institution as little Deus Clyde saw fit. Gussie Sherck, a well-known student and member of Sigma Delta Chi, finally shut-off the wind-mill chairman from further discussion of own ability and pointed out in the constitution that the students themselves might have something to say in the matter.

Murphy reddened, swallowed hard and put her in reverse to take the back-track. Mr. Sherck gentlemanly explained that the students were well able to care for themselves and would not permit little Clyde to railroad through any undesirable amendments.

In desperation the chairman summoned Oakley Coffee, his consort in crime. As Sherck was shaking the last legs from the chairman's arguments, Coffee sputtered a few remarks to the effect that he and Clyde were the only persons in the university capable of handling the amendments. Sherck objected to the interruption, but the chairman had back-tracked to the wall and gave Coffee the floor to save the day.

The able consort wiped off his chin and changed the subject to the following announcement:

"We are trying to get a special train to go to Bozeman for the football game. If we get 125 students to sign up, we get the train. If we get 150 to sign up, we get fare and a half rate.

"The train will leave here at 6:30 a. m. on the 11th, arriving in Bozeman at 12:30. We will come back at whatever time the students decide. If we stay for a dance over there we will probably leave there at midnight, and come home in the early morning.

"There will be no sleepers, but we will have lots of fun anyhow."

Adjournment followed.

Grizzlies Fight Wampus Cats

(Continued from Page One)

either—that is, fit for print.

Whitman defeated the Grizzly aggregation at Walla Walla last year by the close score of 13 to 7. The crippled condition of Adams and Kershner, the referee and the success of Whitman's passing were responsible for the loss of the game. The total amount of penalties, inflicted upon Montana was 95 yards in five, ten and 15 yard allotments. With such a defeat sticking in the Kids' craw Montana supporters may expect to see a repetition of the Aggie slaughter of last year, Saturday afternoon.

The first game with the preachers was in 1905, the Grizzlies losing by one touchdown, the score being 5 to 0. The teams did not meet again until 1913 losing again 35 to 0. The Grizzlies held the preachers scoreless the first half but blew up on the removal of Captain Owsley from the game. In 1916 the preachers received their first defeat at the hands of the Grizzlies. The score was 17 to 0. The following year with but four veterans in uniform the Grizzlies fought a hard battle; losing 14 to 3. The Missionaries were last here in 1919. The game resulted in a 6 to 6 tie, the ball being in Montana's hands on the preachers two-yard line when the last half ended.

The Kids are in much better condition for the fray than they were last year. Three men, however, are on

the crippled list. Jimmy Lambert has a sprained ankle and probably will not be in the line-up Saturday. Jelly Elliott has been troubled with a charley-horse but will be back at his old position. Fighting Ted Ramsey has a crippled hand and may not be in his position at guard.

Coach Borleske has eight veterans in his lineup, his regular array being as follows: Left end, Leander, 182; left tackle, Captain Comrada 187; left guard Emight 188; center Harrison, 225; right guard, Blackman, 190; right tackle, Heritage, 185; right end, Schroeder, 158; quarterback, Roe, 155; full back, Norris, 185; left half, Tilton, 175; right half, Shepherd, 185.

Whitman has played three games this season, losing to the Multnomah club, 6 to 13; to the University of Washington, 0 to 7; and downing the College of Idaho yesterday. Norris and Leander have spent the past two weeks recovering from injuries sustained at Seattle.

VACUUM CLEANER TELLS TALE OF YELLOW SLIPS

A vacuum cleaner has been purchased by the physics department for use in the classes. Whether the apparatus is to be used in regular classes or is to be reserved for use during quizzes could not be learned, as the instructors refused to give out any information. It is reported that the cleaner was used in one test recently, and at the end of the test the apparatus showed a perfect vacuum. No doubt the result of the cleaner will be manifest when the first yellow slips are sent out.

ANNUAL FLUKE IS COMING UP

"If the men continue to turn out for the annual cross country run which has never been held yet," stated Bernie Bierman, "they will be given fur lined track pants with the burrs removed."

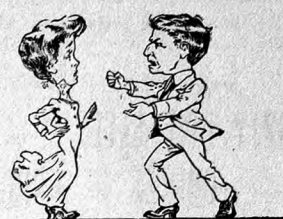
Red Jacobsen has in his charge about 15 aspirants for the cross country championship which will be decided Homecoming day provided that cold weather, influenza, or something else does not set in. Two years ago cold weather prevented the running of the race. The running of the race last year was prevented by cold weather.

WATCH DECIDES MUSICAL ABILITY

The liquid notes of a perfect tenor pouring forth his soul filled the hall. The audience was breathless. Then the Mathematical Music Professor scratched his head just below the left ear.

The time sped by on the wings of music while the crowd was oblivious to all but the singer. During the rendition of a passionate Russian love song, the Professor took out his watch and counted the minutes that the singer could hold one note. He whispered the result to his wife.

Oh, for the soul of a violinist!



Methods of ye senior dating up for the dance.

Hornswogle Pledges To Snare Some Men

The Alpha Philias sorority members have talked their pledges into giving them a dance December 3 in order that they may break into campus activities before it is too late. It will also afford an opportunity for their many neophytes to become acquainted with each other and the active members that a better understanding may be brought about between them.

The members who are promoting the affair say they are having a hard time to find dates for all their new pledges and even a number of the old members are expecting to have to "stag" it. So any ed who has not got a date for that night and is willing to take a chance is asked to leave his name with President Clapp who is doing all in his power to help the girls out.

The party will be held at the chapter house on Daly avenue. In this way those of the girls who are unable to get dates will not have to go out alone.

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drink.

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